

# PLASTIC MAN

CAN PLASTIC MAN AND WOZZY SURVIVE  
THE DEATH TRAP IN THE SEA?

Read-

**THE URANIUM  
UNDERGROUND**

10c







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# PLASTIC MAN

HEY,  
PLAS!

DON'T BOTHER  
ME NOW, WOZZY!  
I THINK I'VE  
HIT SOMETHING  
BIG!

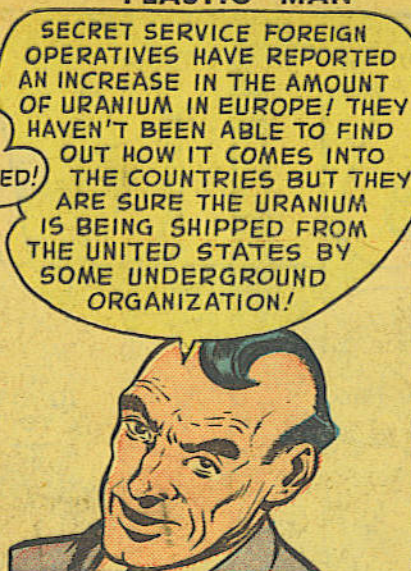
HEH! HEH!  
PLASTIC MAN,  
SOMETHING BIG  
IS GOING  
TO HIT  
YOU!

URANIUM, THAT MOST PRECIOUS OF METALS  
SO URGENTLY NEEDED IN OUR NATIONAL DEFENSE,  
HAS BEEN DISAPPEARING FROM OUR SHORES!  
WITH ALL THE BOUNCE AND ENERGY OF A RUBBER  
BALL, PLASTIC MAN, ACE FBI AGENT, THROWS  
HIMSELF INTO THE CASE AND, WHEN HE  
FINDS HE'S GOTTEN IN OVER HIS HEAD, IT  
TAKES ALL HIS ABILITY TO TWIST AND  
STRETCH TO PULL HIM OUT ON TOP OF

*The URANIUM UNDERGROUND!*



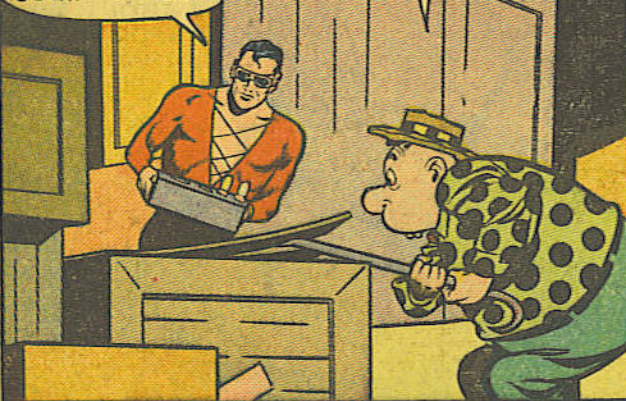
# PLASTIC MAN





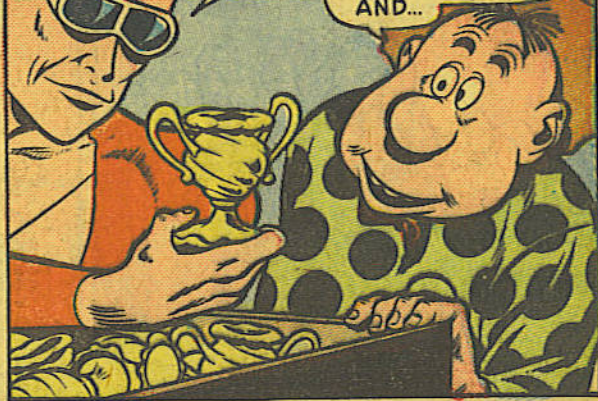
THE NEEDLE ON THIS GEIGER COUNTER IS JUMPING! THAT MEANS THERE'S SOMETHING IN THOSE BOXES WE OUGHT TO SEE!

PRETTY CLEVER, CRATING UP THE URANIUM AND EXPORTING IT!



HUH! I GUESS WE WERE WRONG! THERE'S NOTHING IN THIS PACKAGE BUT SOME FANCY POTTERY!

GEE! IT'S PRETTY, PLAS! DO YOU THINK MAYBE ANYONE WOULD KNOW IF I SORT OF TOOK ONE AND...



WOODY! THIS DOESN'T BELONG TO US AND IT'S GOING TO STAY RIGHT HERE!

I JUST WANTED A SOUVENIR!

COME ON, NOW! WE'RE WASTING TIME! THE INDICATOR SHOWS THERE'S RADIO-ACTIVITY AROUND HERE AND WE'VE GOT TO FIND... WAIT! YOUR WRIST WATCH HAS A RADIUM DIAL!

I KNOW... BUT THE WATCH DOESN'T WORK!

THAT EXPLAINS IT! THE GEIGER COUNTER WAS ACTING UP BECAUSE OF THE RADIUM DIAL! THAT MEANS WE'RE RIGHT BACK WHERE WE STARTED!

LET'S GO TO LUNCH FIRST, AND LEAVE THIS WATCH AT A REPAIR SHOP, SO IT WON'T INTERFERE!



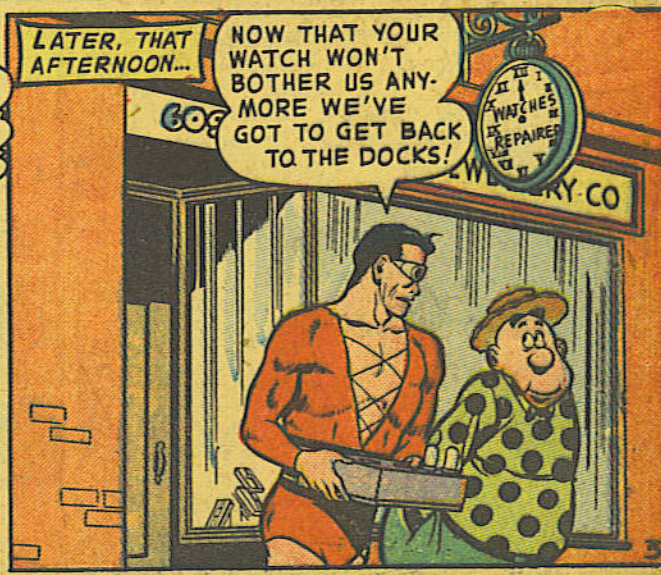
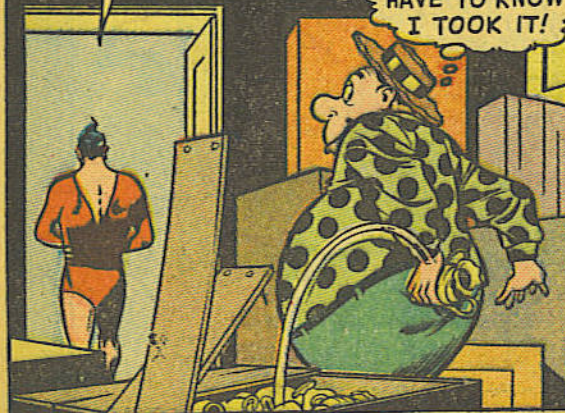
LET'S HURRY, WOODY! WE'VE WASTED ALL MORNING!

I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU!

I LIKE THIS LITTLE THING! PLAS DOESN'T HAVE TO KNOW I TOOK IT!

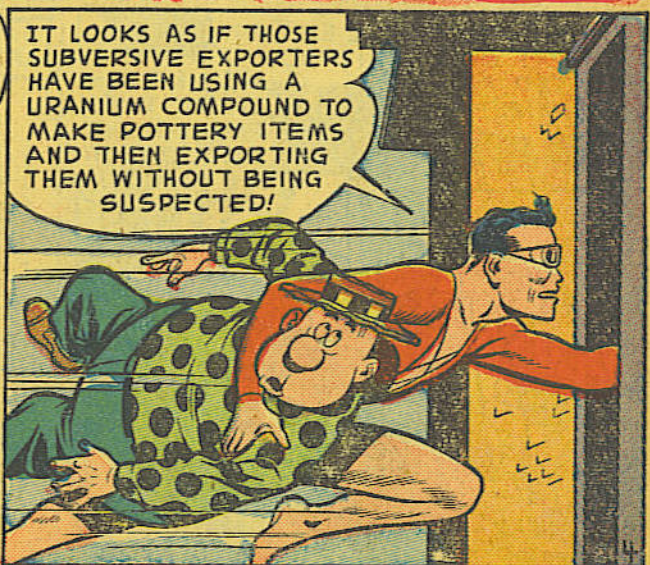
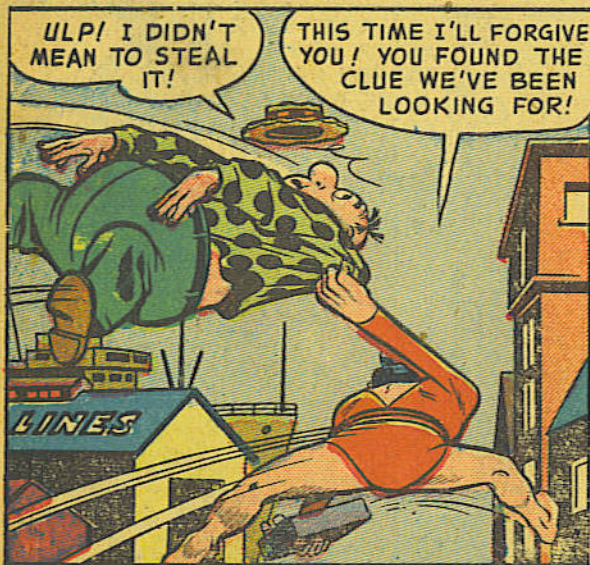
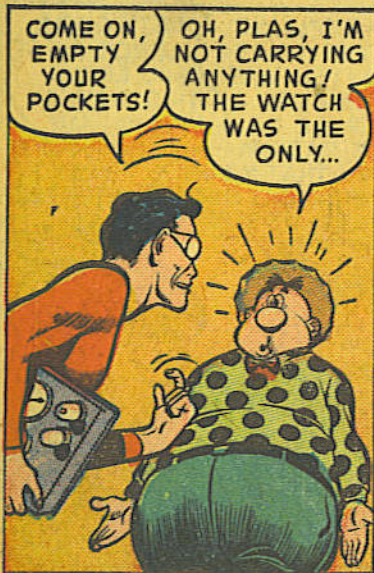
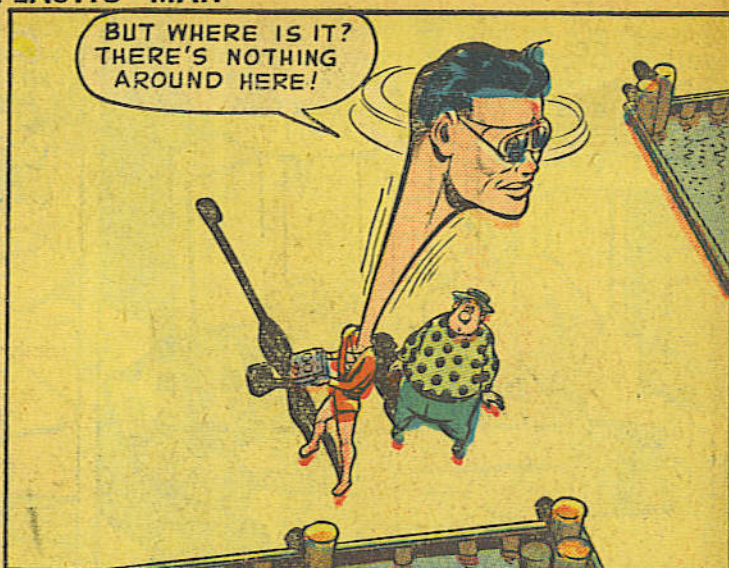
LATER, THAT AFTERNOON...

NOW THAT YOUR WATCH WON'T BOTHER US ANYMORE WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE DOCKS!





# PLASTIC MAN



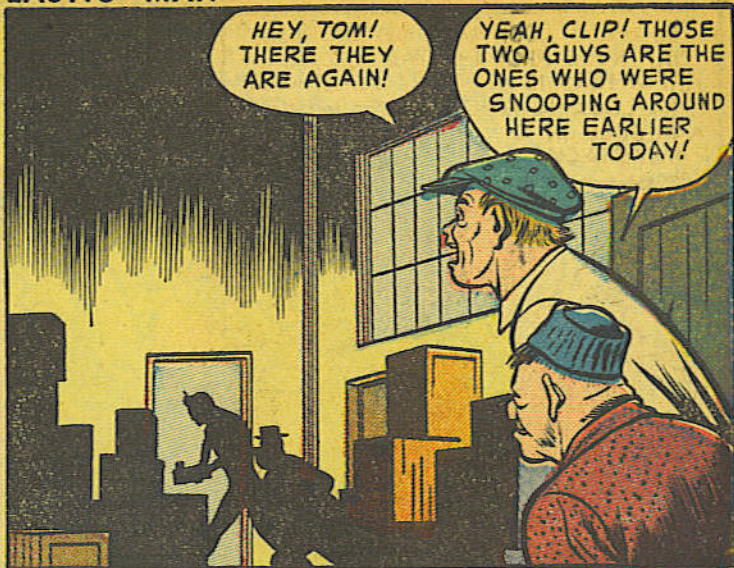


AND NOW WE'RE REALLY GOING TO INVESTIGATE!

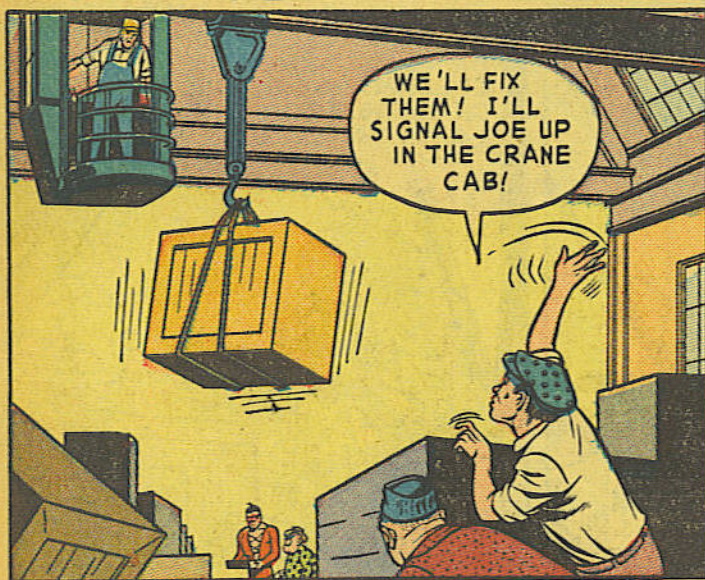


HEY, TOM! THERE THEY ARE AGAIN!

YEAH, CLIP! THOSE TWO GUYS ARE THE ONES WHO WERE SNOOPING AROUND HERE EARLIER TODAY!



WE'LL FIX THEM! I'LL SIGNAL JOE UP IN THE CRANE CAB!



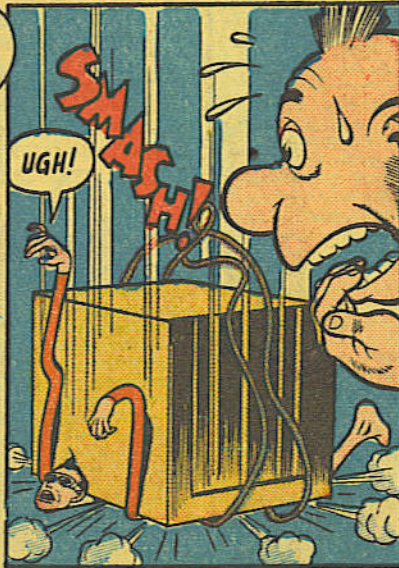
WOOZY! THE NEEDLE'S JUMPING! THIS IS IT! THIS IS THE URANIUM!



PLAS! LOOK OUT!



UGH!



PLAS! PLAS! SOB! SPEAK TO ME!

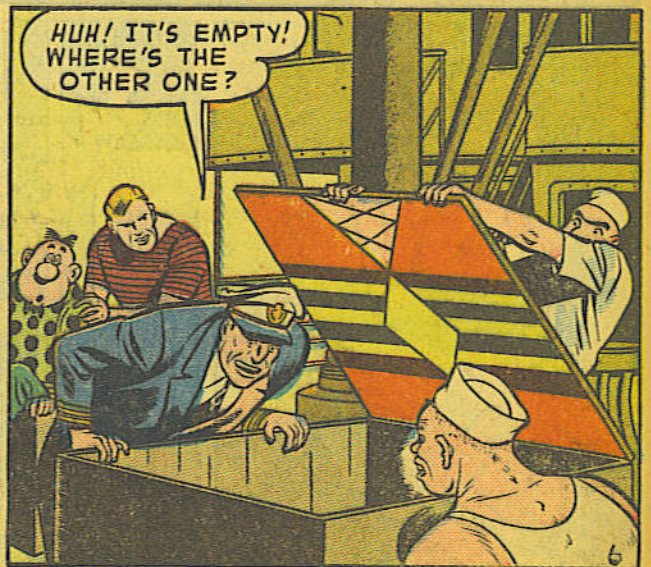
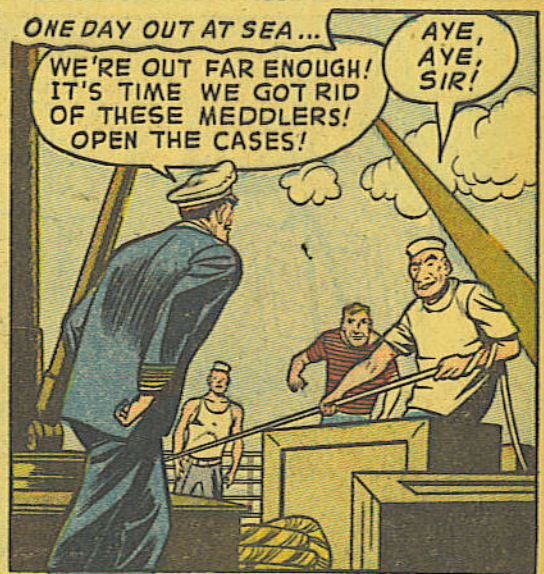
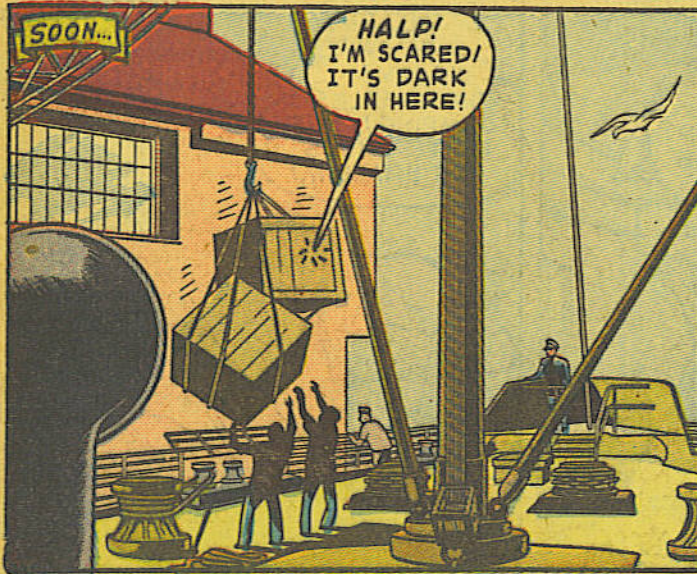
GOOD AIM, JOE! YOU KNOCKED HIM FLAT!

THAT'S NOT ALL WE'RE GOING TO DO TO THESE SNOOPERS!



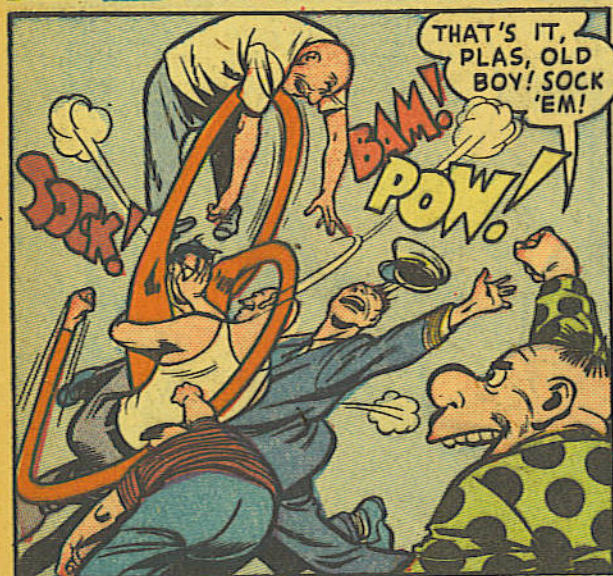
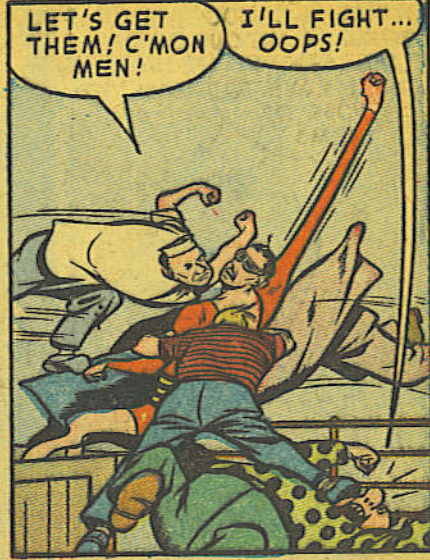


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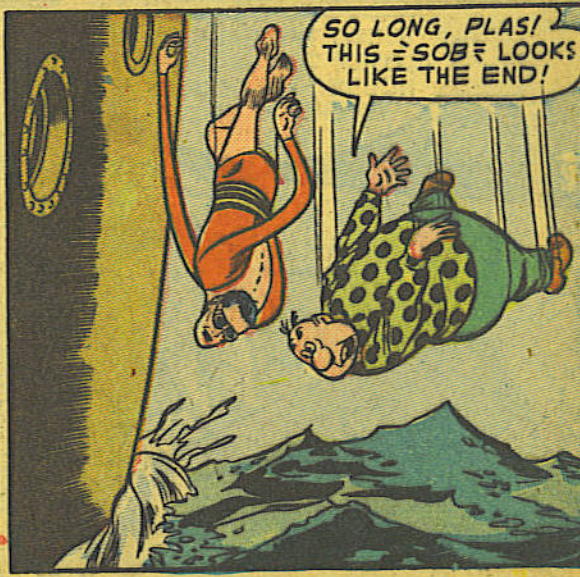




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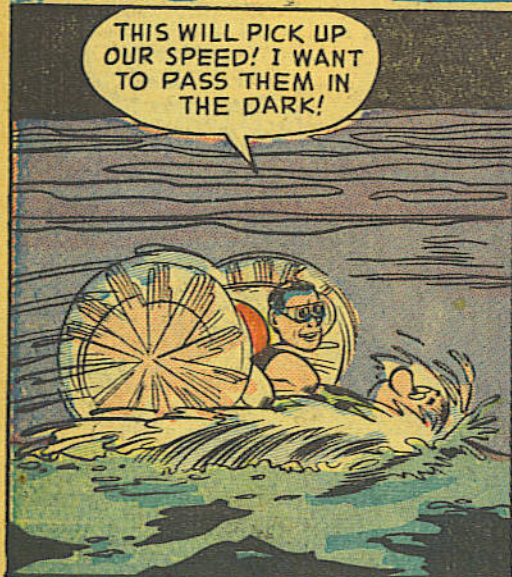
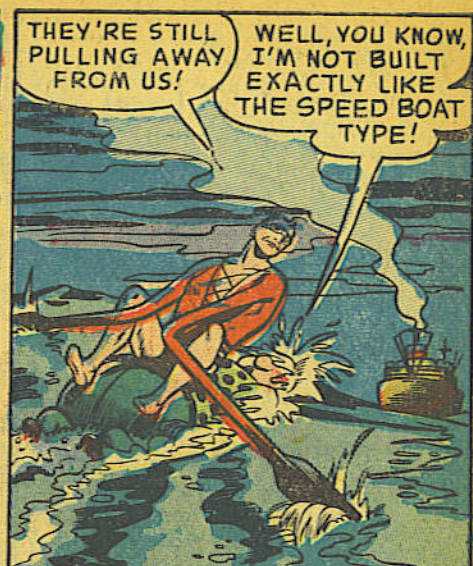


AND THE FORCE OF GREATER NUMBERS FINALLY TELLS...



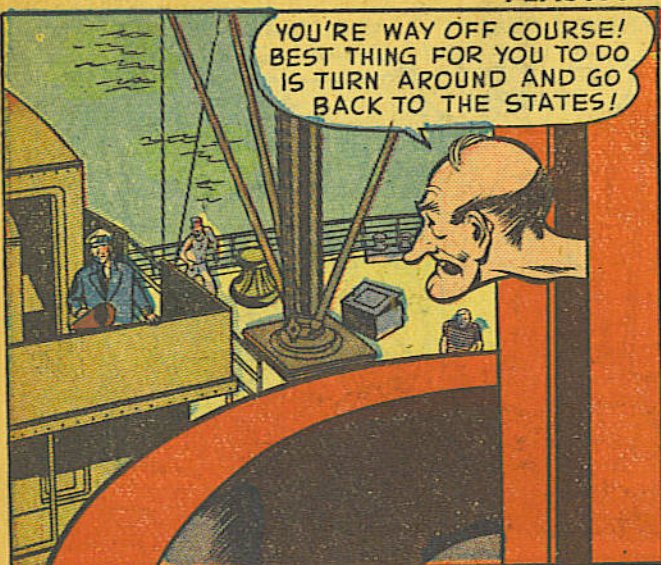


# PLASTIC MAN





# PLASTIC MAN



YOU'RE WAY OFF COURSE!  
BEST THING FOR YOU TO DO  
IS TURN AROUND AND GO  
BACK TO THE STATES!



I SEE IT BUT I DON'T  
BELIEVE IT! WE'RE  
STAYING ON THE  
COURSE I CHARTED!  
FULL SPEED AHEAD!



IT DIDN'T  
WORK!  
THEY'RE  
SAILING  
ON!

WELL, DO SOME-  
THING! I CAN'T  
HOLD ON HERE  
MUCH LONGER!

WE'VE GOT TO  
STOP THAT  
URANIUM SHIP-  
MENT FROM REACH-  
ING UNFRIENDLY

HANDS AND  
WE'VE GOT  
TO BRING  
THAT CREW  
BACK TO  
JAIL!



HOW CAN YOU TALK  
ABOUT THAT WHEN  
WE HAVEN'T  
EVEN SAVED  
OURSELVES?



THAT CREW WAS  
ABLE TO THROW  
US OVER THE  
SIDE BUT I  
STILL THINK  
WE CAN BEAT  
THEM!

NOW, PLAS,  
BE REASON-  
ABLE! THEY  
OUTNUMBER  
US TEN TO  
ONE!



YES! BUT WE'RE  
GOING TO USE THE  
ELEMENT OF  
SURPRISE!



HOLD ONTO YOUR  
BREATH! WE'RE GOING  
TO TRAVEL UNDER  
WATER!



# PLASTIC MAN



HEY!

GLUB!

GLUB!

SOON...

HUH!  
LOOK!

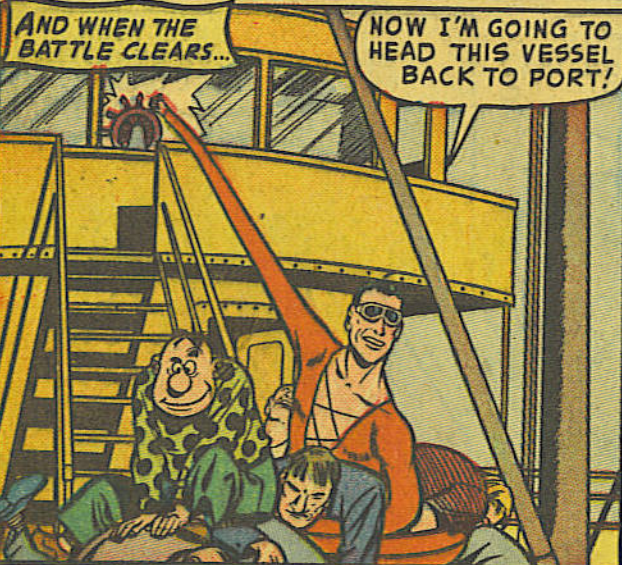
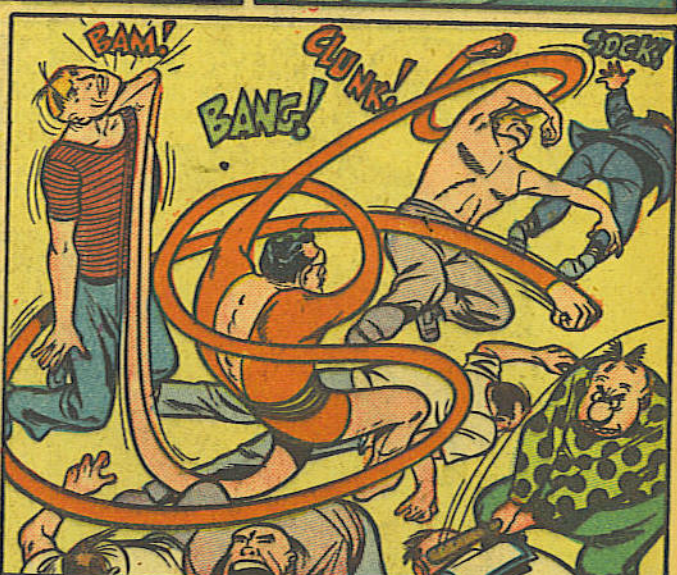
IT'S NEPTUNE, I DON'T  
THE KING OF THE SEA!  
LIKE THIS!  
LET ME OUT  
OF HERE!



WHO THREW THIS  
CHARACTER IN MY  
OCEAN?

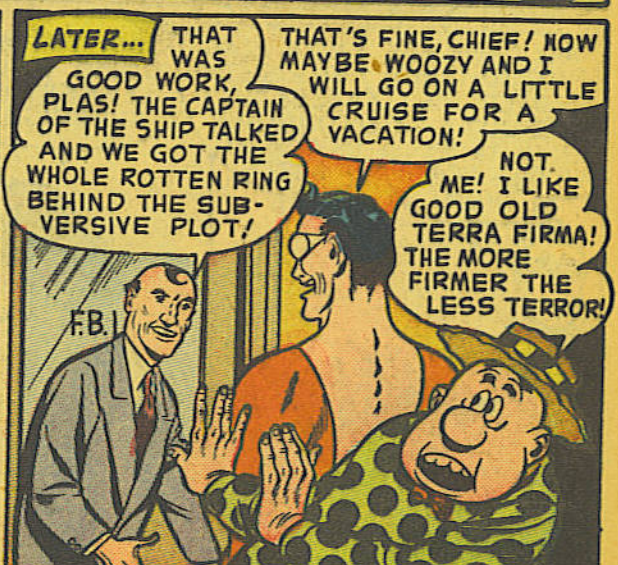


THEY'RE FROZEN WITH  
FEAR! NOW LET'S  
GET THEM,  
WOOTZ!



AND WHEN THE  
BATTLE CLEARS...

NOW I'M GOING TO  
HEAD THIS VESSEL  
BACK TO PORT!



LATER... THAT  
WAS  
GOOD WORK,  
PLAS! THE CAPTAIN  
OF THE SHIP TALKED  
AND WE GOT THE  
WHOLE ROTTEN RING  
BEHIND THE SUB-  
VERSIVE PLOT!

THAT'S FINE, CHIEF! NOW  
MAYBE WOOTZ AND I  
WILL GO ON A LITTLE  
CRUISE FOR A  
VACATION!

NOT  
ME! I LIKE  
GOOD OLD  
TERRA FIRMA!  
THE MORE  
FIRMER THE  
LESS TERROR!

F.B.I.



# IS HITLER ALIVE?



HERE IS A POWERFUL  
STORY OUT OF THE  
CATACOMBS OF  
THE PYRAMIDS!

**PETE TRASK,**  
AMERICAN TREASURY  
AGENT MAKES A  
STARTLING DISCOV-  
ERY DEEP IN THE  
HIDDEN RECESSES  
OF AN OLD EGYPT-  
IAN TOMB!

DON'T MISS THIS  
AMAZING ADVENTURE!

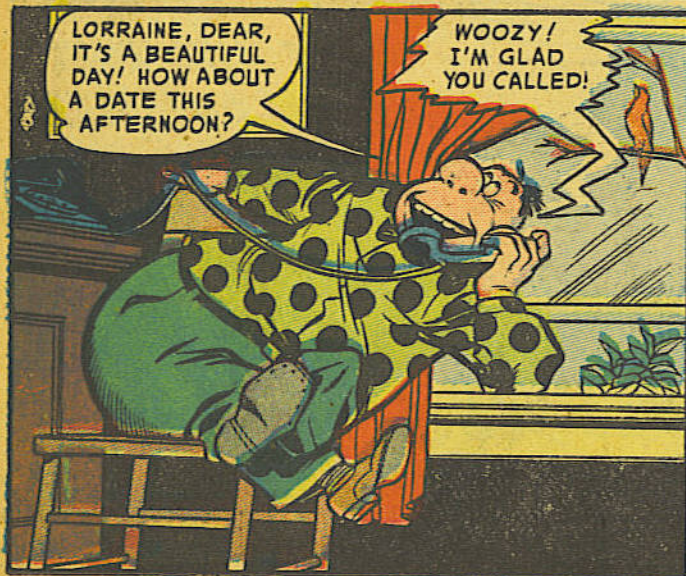
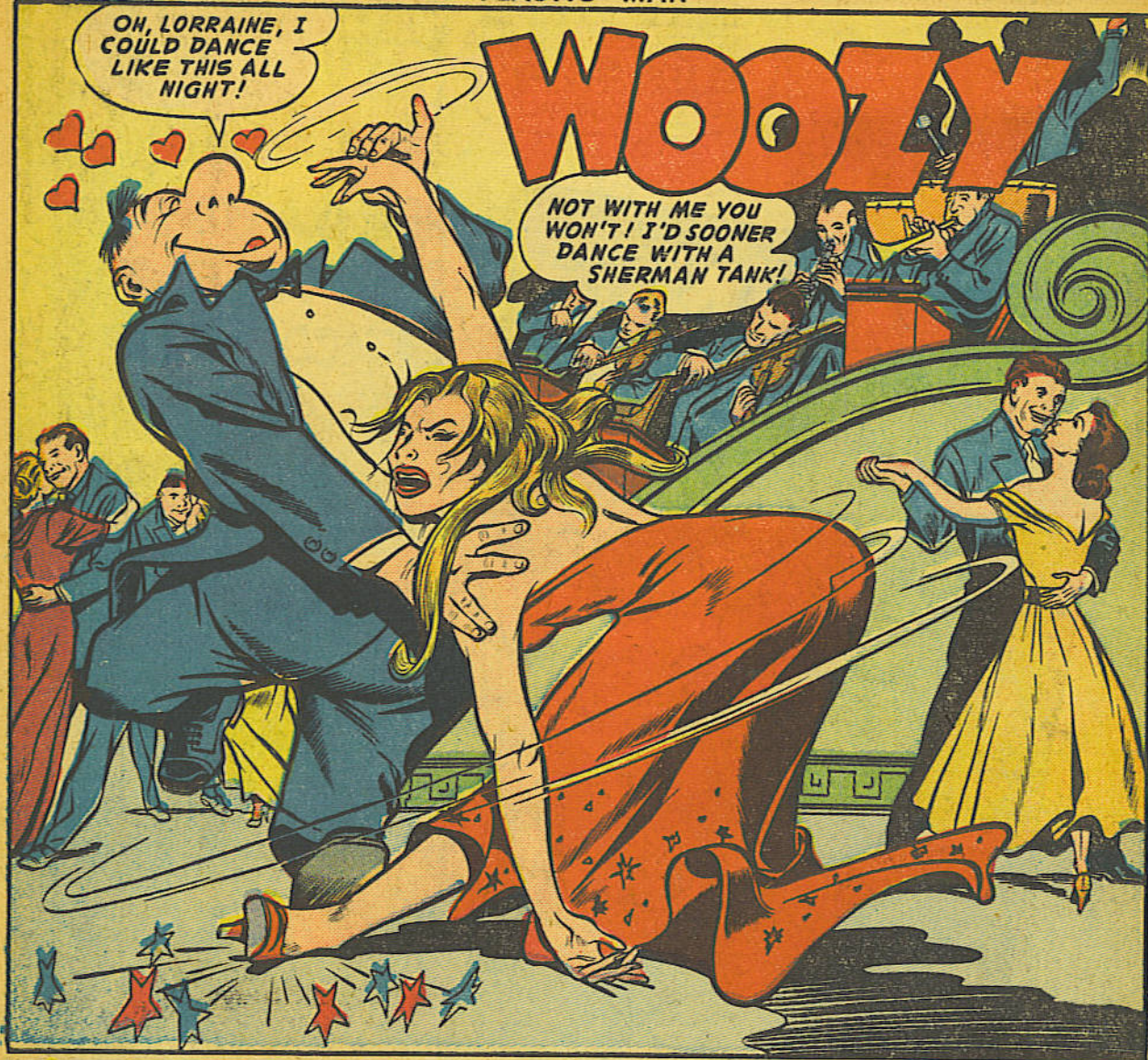
SEE HOW **T-MAN** FERRETS OUT THE MOST FANATIC-  
AL TYRANT OF THEM ALL...

Read

**"THE MAN WHO COULD BE HITLER!"**

IN THE  
JULY ISSUE OF **T-MAN** ON SALE APRIL 4th







# PLASTIC MAN



HAPPY DAYS! MY DREAM GIRL WANTS TO SEE ME!



LORRAINE IS A DANCING INSTRUCTRESS! I SUPPOSE SHE WANTS ME TO HELP HER WORK OUT SOME NEW DANCE STEPS!



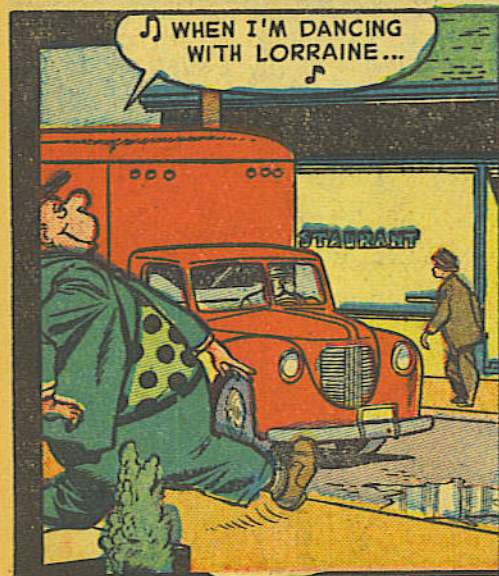
YES, SIR! SHE CERTAINLY COULDN'T HAVE PICKED A BETTER PARTNER!



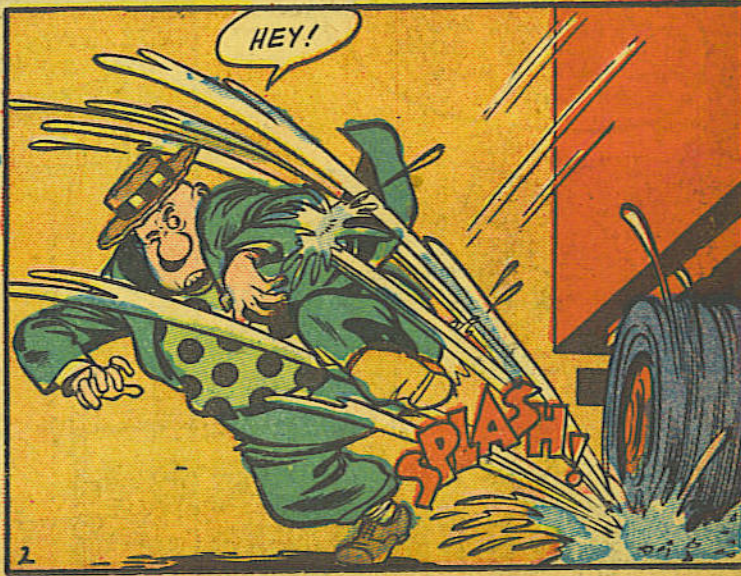
I'LL BET IF I TRACE MY ANCESTRY BACK FAR ENOUGH I'LL FIND I'VE DESCENDED FROM TERPSICHORE, THE GOD OF THE DANCE!



I'LL GET ALL SLICKED UP AND GO OVER TO MY DREAM BOAT'S HOUSE!



♪ WHEN I'M DANCING WITH LORRAINE... ♪

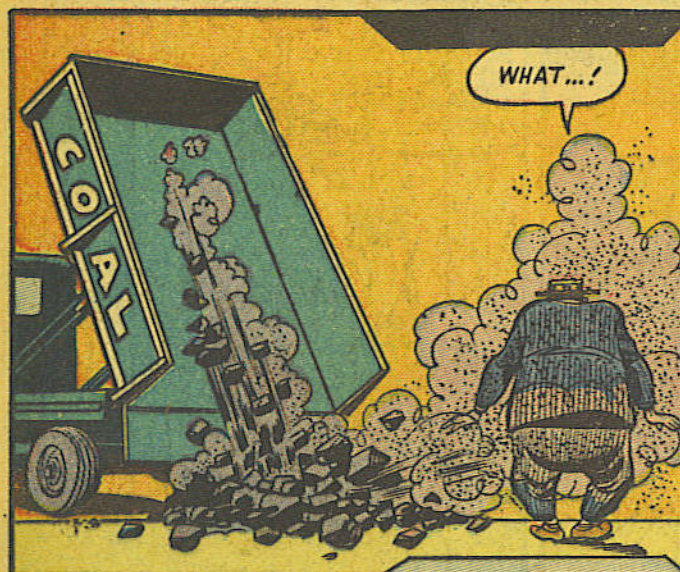


HEY!

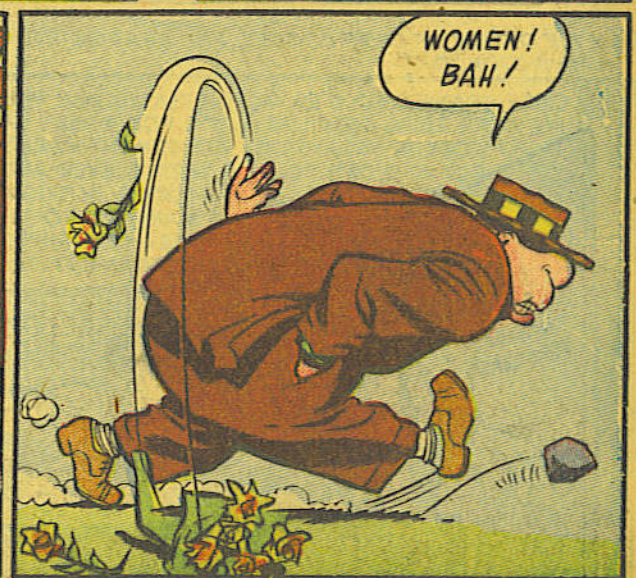
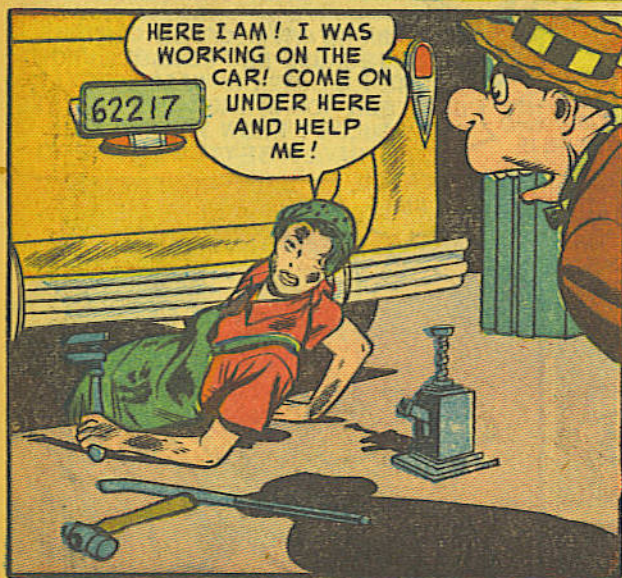
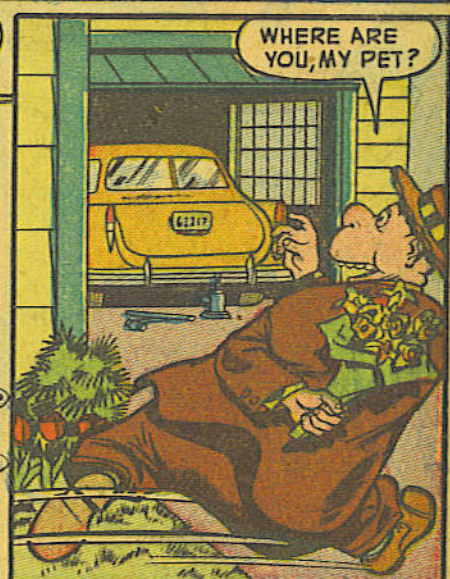
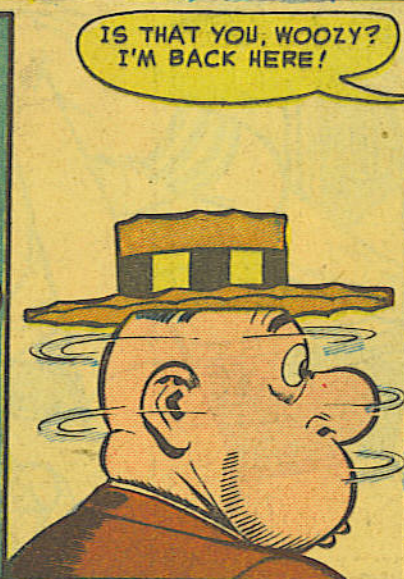
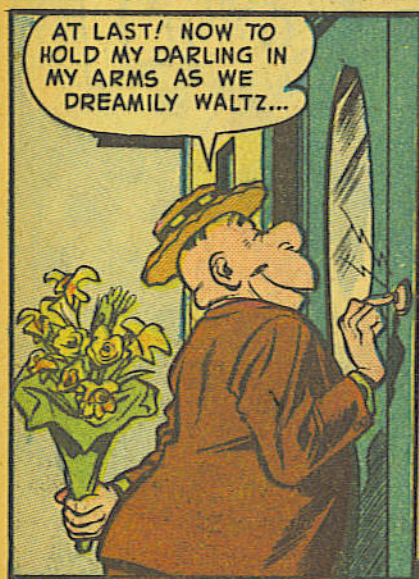
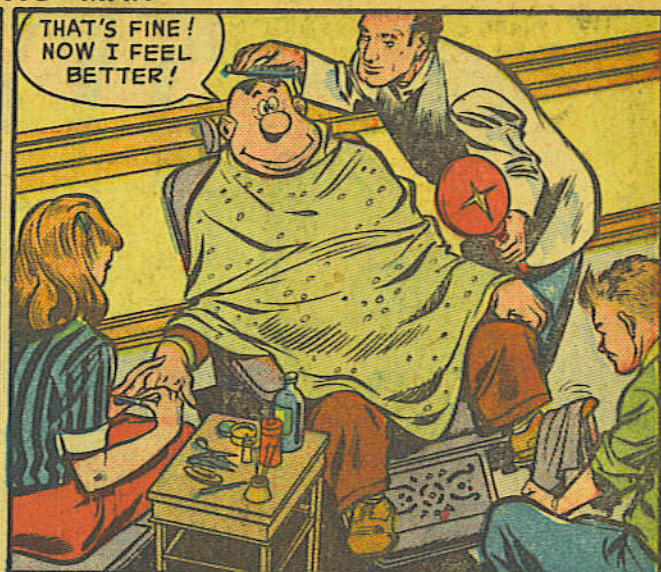
**SPLASH!**



# PLASTIC MAN











IN THE OFFICE OF CHIEF COOLEY, F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS, WASHINGTON, D.C.





# PLASTIC MAN

WHAT DO WE DO FIRST?

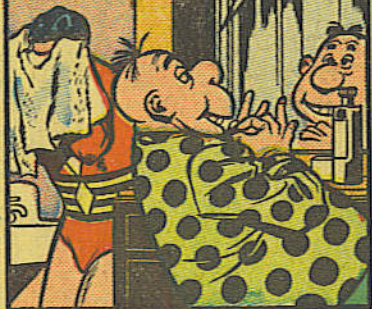
TONIGHT I WANT YOU TO ATTEND A PARTY WHERE YOU WILL GET A CHANCE TO MINGLE WITH HIGH RANKING OFFICIALS! YOU WILL GET AN IDEA OF WHO IS WHO IN WASHINGTON SO YOU WILL KNOW WHERE TO WATCH!



LATER, AT THE HOTEL...

...SO TONIGHT WE ARE GOING TO A WASHINGTON DIPLOMATIC PARTY!

AT LAST! I'LL GET A CHANCE TO MEET ELEGANT LADIES WHO CAN REALLY APPRECIATE ME!



THAT NIGHT...

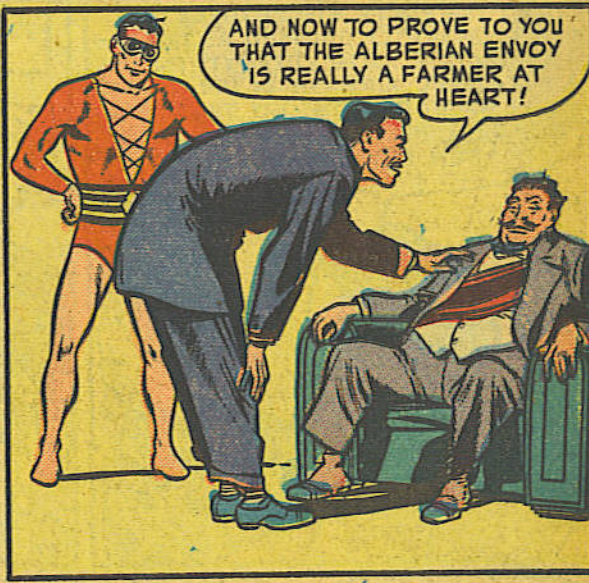
COME ON! IT LOOKS AS IF THE PARTY'S IN FULL SWING!

WHERE ARE THE REFRESHMENTS!

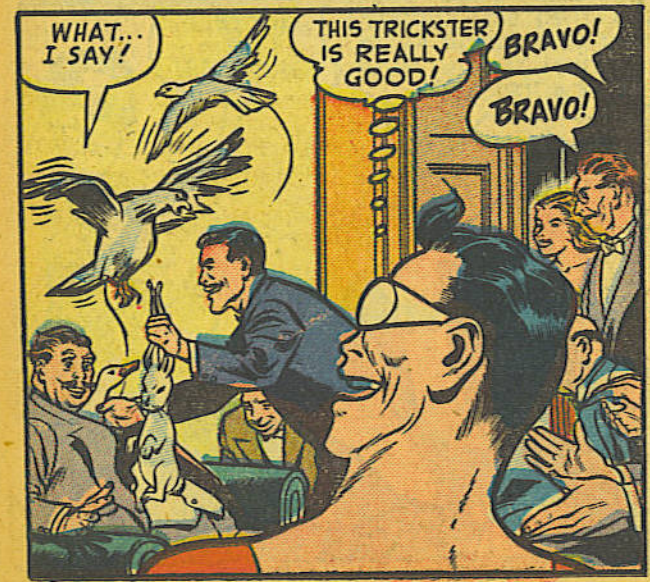


THIS MAGICIAN LOOKS INTERESTING! I'M GOING TO WATCH HIM!

NOT ME! THERE'S ENOUGH MAGIC IN THIS DOLL'S EYES TO INTEREST ME!



AND NOW TO PROVE TO YOU THAT THE ALBERIAN ENVOY IS REALLY A FARMER AT HEART!

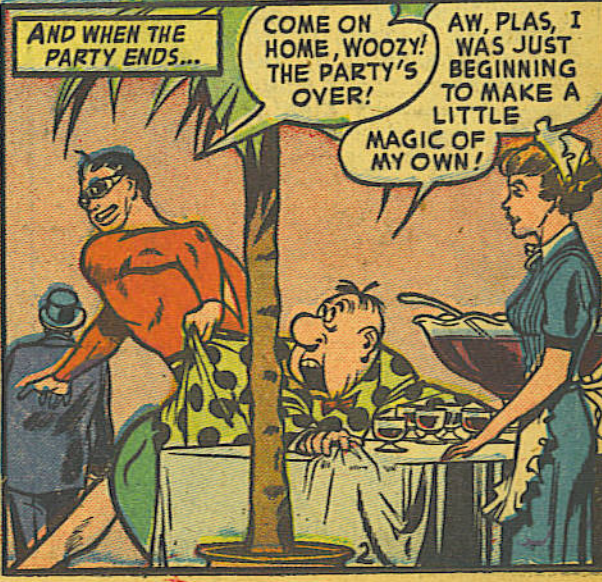


WHAT... I SAY!

THIS TRICKSTER IS REALLY GOOD!

BRAVO!

BRAVO!



AND WHEN THE PARTY ENDS...

COME ON HOME, WOZZY! THE PARTY'S OVER!

AW, PLAS, I WAS JUST BEGINNING TO MAKE A LITTLE MAGIC OF MY OWN!



THE NEXT DAY AT F.B.I. HEAD-  
QUARTERS...

THE SECRET TREATY! IT'S  
GONE I TELL YOU! IT'S GONE!  
I WAS CARRYING IT IN MY  
POCKET! SOMEONE MUST  
HAVE STOLEN IT! SOMETHING  
SHOULD BE DONE!

F.B.I.  
WASHINGTON  
HEADQUARTERS

IT'S THAT  
SPY'S WORK  
AGAIN! I'M  
SURE! BUT  
HE'S AS SLIPPERY  
AS AN EEL... I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT TO DO!

I THINK I KNOW  
WHO THE SPY IS  
BUT I'LL NEED AN  
ELABORATE  
SETTING TO  
CATCH  
HIM!

ANY-  
THING!  
YOU  
NAME  
IT AND  
I'LL  
HAVE  
IT!

WE'LL HAVE TO HAVE  
SOMEONE SPONSOR A  
LARGE AFTERNOON  
PARTY FOR IMPORTANT  
PEOPLE AND INVITE  
THE MAGICIAN TO  
ENTERTAIN...

... AND THE PARTY WILL BE GIVEN IN  
HONOR OF WOOLY DRESSED AS THE  
AMBASSADOR FROM KUTKOYTI ISLAND,  
A STRATEGIC AIRBASE IN THE PACIFIC!  
WE'LL SPREAD THE STORY THAT HE'S  
BRINGING THE PLANS FOR A  
NEW AIRBASE!

THE NEXT AFTERNOON,  
AT THE PARTY...

YOU'RE DOING  
FINE, WOOLY!  
KEEP IT  
UP!

YOU KNOW, PLAS,  
I LIKE THIS  
AMBASSADOR  
WORK! MAYBE  
I'LL GET ME A  
FULL TIME JOB  
DOING IT!

THE ONLY THING THAT  
BOTHERS ME IS THESE  
COLLARS I'D HAVE TO  
WEAR!

QUIET! HERE  
COMES  
THE  
MAGI-  
CIAN!

AND NOW I WILL SURPRISE  
THE AMBASSADOR FROM  
KUTKOYTI ISLAND WITH  
A FEW TRICKS!

GOOD! I  
LIKE  
SURPRISES!



# PLASTIC MAN

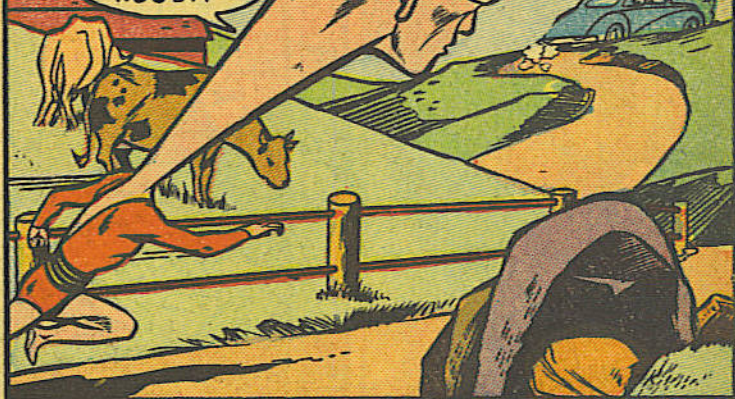




YES, CHIEF! HE GOT AWAY IN A BLUE SEDAN! WE'LL HAVE TO BE VERY CAREFUL! HE'S HOLDING WOODY AS A HOSTAGE AND WON'T HESITATE TO KILL HIM! I'M STARTING AFTER THEM NOW!



THERE'S THE BLUE CAR! I'LL KEEP IT IN SIGHT BUT I WON'T GET TOO CLOSE WHILE HE'S GOT THAT GUN ON WOODY!



SHORTLY AFTER AT THE MAGICIAN'S HOME...

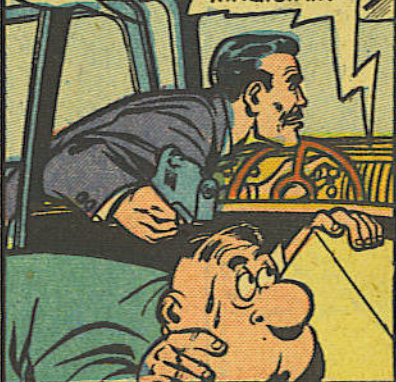
COME ON, SNAP IT UP! GET THOSE THINGS INTO THE CAR! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

PLEASE, SIR, CAN'T I STAY HERE? I LIKE THE CLIMATE IN WASHINGTON!



WAIT A MINUTE! I WANT TO HEAR THESE POLICE CALLS!

CALLING ALL CARS! BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR A BLUE SEDAN! STOP ALL CARS! LOOK FOR DARK HAIRER MAN WHO POSES AS A MAGICIAN!



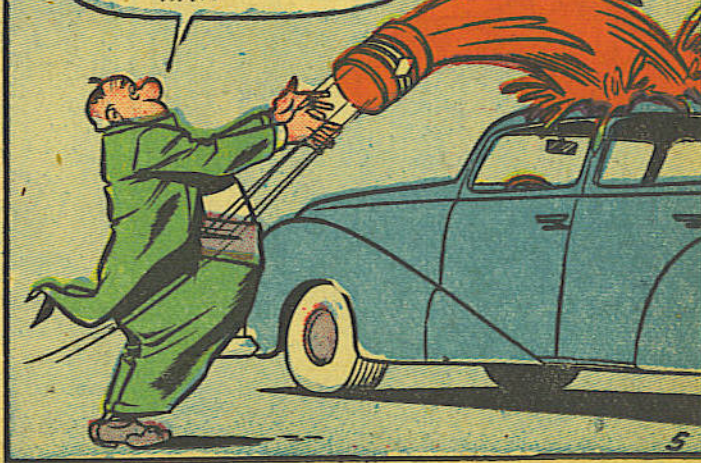
THEY'RE SETTING UP ROAD BLOCKS TO STOP BLUE CARS! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING TO GET BY THEM!



I'VE GOT IT! HEY, BUTTERBALL, GET BUSY WITH THAT CAN OF PAINT AND MAKE THIS CAR RED! HURRY!

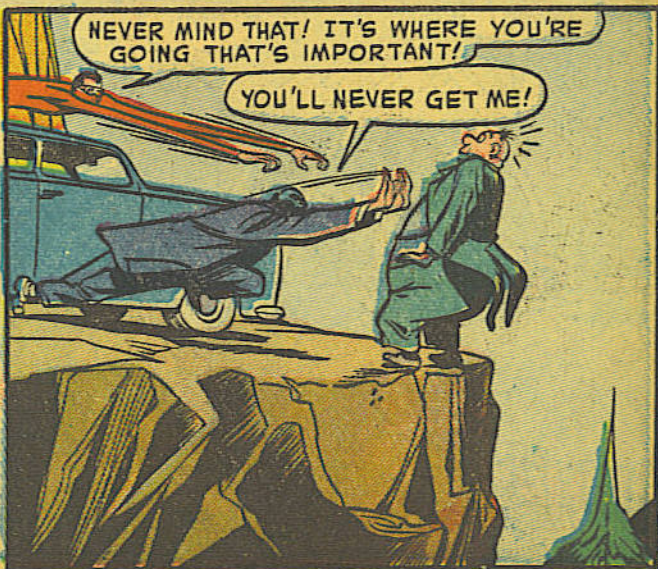
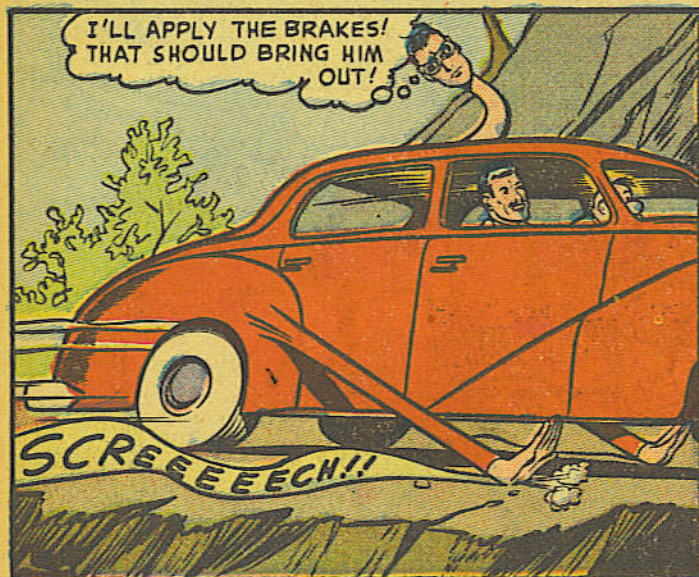


I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT PAINTING BUT THIS WOULD BE THE QUICKEST WAY!



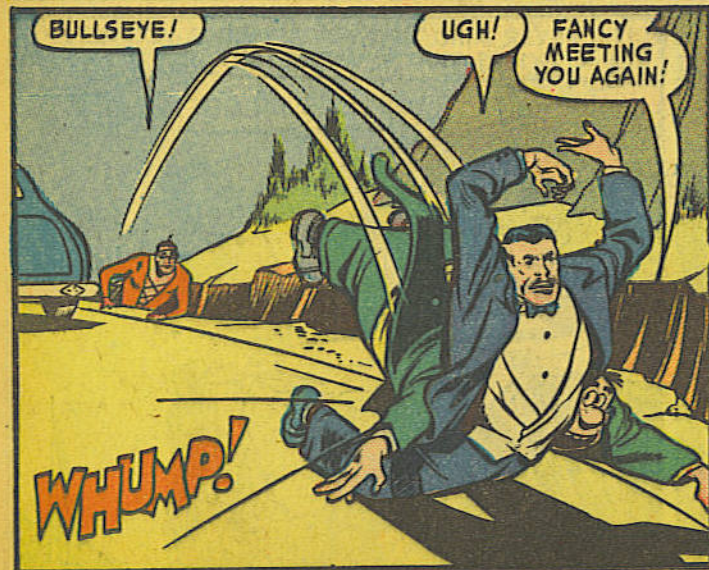
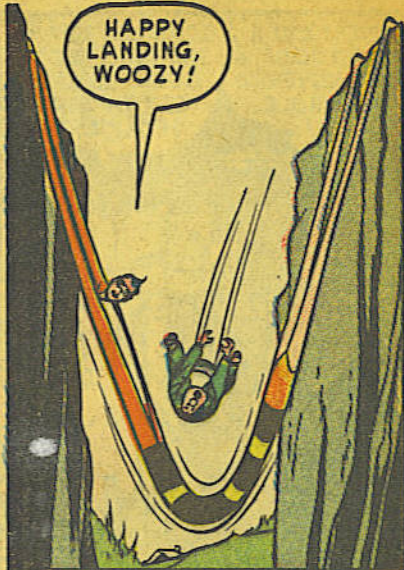


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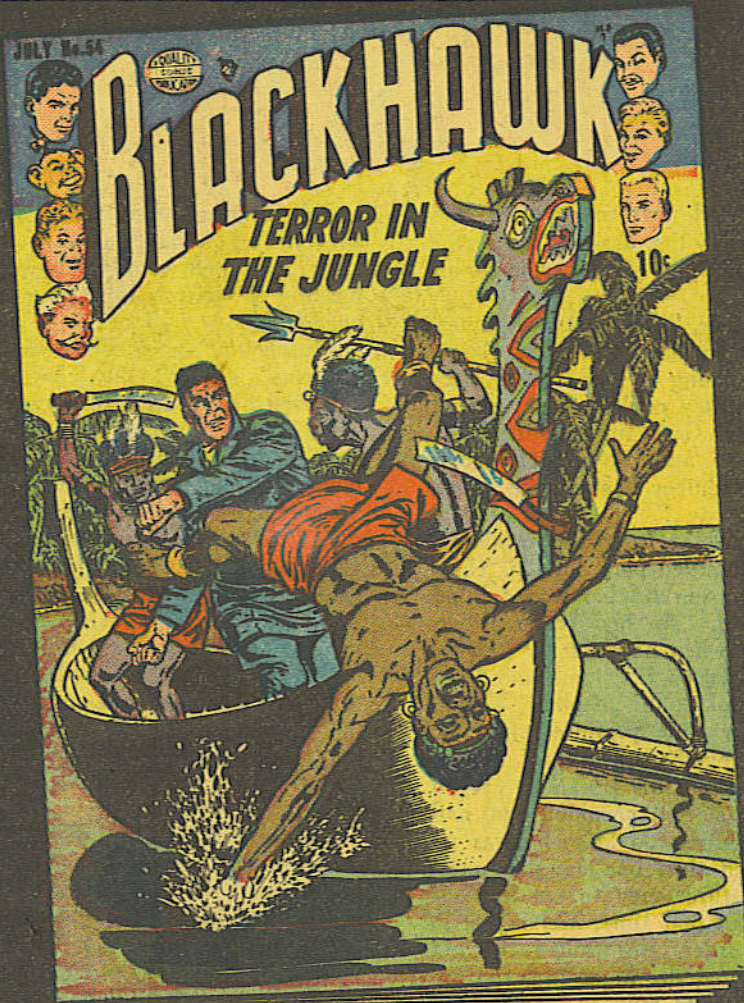




# PLASTIC MAN







DEATH AND VIOLENCE RAKE THE TEEMING JUNGLES OF ANATOA ISLAND AS A RUTHLESS DESPOT REVIVES PRIMITIVE HATES AND PASSIONS, TURNING THE NATIVES INTO BLOOD-THIRSTY SAVAGE KILLERS! FIGHTING TO FREE THE ISLANDERS FROM THIS TYRANT'S GRIP, THE **BLACKHAWKS** FACE DEATH AT THE HANDS OF THE VERY MEN THEY SEEK TO HELP! WHAT ESCAPE IS THERE FROM THIS DIABOLICAL **TERROR IN THE JUNGLE?**

DON'T MISS THE JULY ISSUE OF BLACKHAWK...

On Sale April 23rd

**THE MOST POPULAR COMIC MAGAZINE IN AMERICA!**



# THE PERFECT MURDER

"HOW about it?" asked feature reporter Jed Blake as he sat near the desk of Inspector Marty Lane of homicide. "Did you ever know of a perfect murder?"

"Now that," grinned Lane, "is a pretty silly question. If it was a perfect murder, I wouldn't know about it, would I? But along the line there have been a few who thought they could get away with one. There was the Blather Case, for instance."

"That was a long time ago, wasn't it?" commented Blake. "I can remember hearing the name. Tell me about it."

Blake always liked to get the Inspector to talking. Lane lighted a cigar and settled back into his chair and began his story. "Simeon Blather was a blind millionaire," he explained. "He had made a fortune in the stock market when he suddenly lost his sight. After that, he retired to his home and lived there as a recluse. He took in his nephew, Melvin Blather, as his secretary and promised that he would be his heir and together they lived a very retired life. But after a time this began to get on Melvin's nerves and he started sneaking out and hitting the high spots. Before too long, he was up to his neck in debt. And then one day his uncle found out about it and threatened to cut him off without a cent. And about that time, Melvin began planning the perfect murder. He wanted the old man's money but he wanted the night life, too."

"He wouldn't be the first to murder for money," said Blake. "There was certainly the motive."

"Yes, there was a motive," agreed Lane, "and Melvin knew he'd be under suspicion so he arranged to take care of that. His uncle's bedroom was on the second floor. He'd usually stay there most of the morning and then, with his cane, make his way down into the parlor and the study. Well, one morning, the old man sent Melvin to fetch his attorney. So Melvin figured the attorney was there to change the will. And that was the day that Simeon Blather died."

"It adds up. What happened?" asked Blake.

"Well," grunted Inspector Lane, "when Melvin returned with the attorney, they entered the house together and found the old man lying dead at the foot of the stairs with a broken neck. Melvin rushed to his uncle's side and asked the attorney to call the police. And that's where I came in. At first it looked like an accident. The body was still warm when I arrived and the coroner said the victim couldn't have been dead over an hour. That meant he was alive when the nephew left. But I had a feeling that something was wrong when I saw the old man's cane in the umbrella stand near the door. It didn't make sense for him to be walking around without that cane. There was another thing. The attorney mentioned that he was sure he'd heard

a bell ringing when they came to the door. He said it had stopped as they entered the house. I knew that bell couldn't have been the telephone because it was too far away to be heard from the outside."

"Inspector," said Blake as Lane paused, "my curiosity's aroused. But I can't see what the ringing of a bell has to do with a man falling downstairs."

"It had a lot to do with it," Lane answered. "It gave me the answer to the case. I went outside, looked at the doorbell button, then returned and examined the stairway. After what I saw and deduced, I knew I was right and I arrested Melvin as his uncle's murderer. He protested and then tried to get away. But when we subdued him and searched him, we found the evidence that convicted him."

"You're still talking in riddles as far as I'm concerned," smiled Blake, lighting a cigarette. "How did you make this into murder?"

"It was an attempt to commit the perfect murder," grinned the Inspector. "But the murderer, like all criminals, overlooked a few details. It was the cane in the umbrella stand that started me thinking. Then the bell. The only bell that could have been heard outside would have been the doorbell. When I examined the bell button, I remembered a trick we did as kids. We would stick a pin between the button and the case, causing the bell to ring. Then we'd run. And I could see a fresh mark that looked as if someone had done just that. Then when I noticed a mark on one of the posts at the head of the staircase, a mark that looked as if a wire had been wrapped around it, I knew the answer. Young Melvin had left the house, removed his uncle's cane and put it in the umbrella stand. Then he had stuck a pin in the doorbell as he went out. The uncle, irritated by its constant ringing, had attempted to feel his way down the stairs and had tripped over a wire that had been stretched across the stairs."

"Melvin did that?" muttered Jed Blake. "How low can a guy get?"

"Plenty. When he and the attorney returned, they found Simeon Blather. The attorney called the police at Melvin's request and that gave Melvin time to remove the wire and put it in his pocket. And the bell had stopped ringing when they entered because he, himself, had removed the pin. It was almost foolproof, except that he didn't have time to get rid of the wire in his pocket."

"It wasn't a perfect murder. Melvin was hanged for his mistakes," Inspector Lane concluded his story and got up to get his hat. "That's some story, huh?"

"Sure is," agreed Blake. "Thanks, Inspector. Now I'll go back to the office and write a feature story on the Blather Case."







# PLASTIC MAN

THINGS HAVE BEEN DISAPPEARING FROM THE HOMES OF THE TOWNS-PEOPLE AND WHEN SOME DARING ONES VENTURED OUT TO THE ROCKET THEY FOUND THEIR MISSING BELONGINGS THERE!



ALSO SOME PEOPLE SAID THEY HAD SEEN ORDINARY OBJECTS, LIKE A CHAIR, SUDDENLY GET UP AND FLOAT THROUGH THE AIR! NOW THE PEOPLE THINK THEIR TOWN IS HAUNTED AND THEY ARE ALMOST PANIC STRICKEN!



THAT SOUNDS SERIOUS, CHIEF! I'LL PICK UP WOZZY AND WE'LL GET RIGHT OUT THERE!

A FEW DAYS LATER...

SO THIS IS CORN FLATS! COME ON, WOZZY, WE'RE GOING TO TALK TO SOME OF THE PEOPLE IN TOWN!

BY THE LOOKS OF THIS PLACE YOU CAN TALK TO ALL OF THE PEOPLE IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES.



IT'S DERNED MYSTERIOUS I TELL YOU! MY WATCH DISAPPEARED AND A WEEK LATER I FOUND IT IN THAT ROCKET!



I TELL YOU I'M SCARED! I'VE HEARD VOICES BUT I COULDN'T SEE ANYONE!



YOU KNOW I DON'T BELIEVE ANYTHING UNLESS I SEE IT... BUT I'M SCARED!



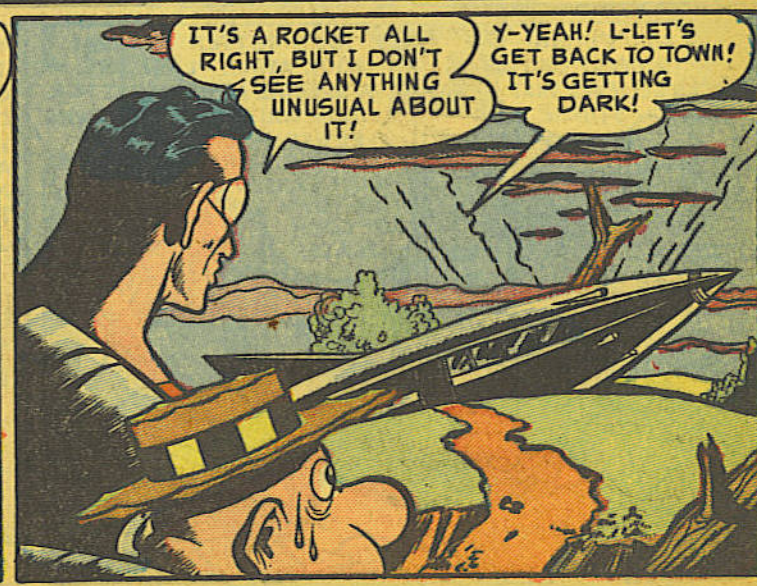
I'VE HEARD ENOUGH! COME ON, WE'RE GOING OUT TO SEE THIS ROCKET!

GEE, PLAS, DON'T YOU THINK I OUGHT TO STAY IN TOWN AND TALK TO SOME MORE PEOPLE?



IT'S A ROCKET ALL RIGHT, BUT I DON'T SEE ANYTHING UNUSUAL ABOUT IT!

Y-YEAH! L-LET'S GET BACK TO TOWN! IT'S GETTING DARK!





# PLASTIC MAN

LATER THAT NIGHT...



NO, WE'LL CAMP HERE FOR THE NIGHT AND IN THE MORNING WE'LL GIVE THAT ROCKET A REAL GOING OVER!

I'LL C-CAMP HERE! BUT I DOUBT THAT I-I'LL S-SLEEP!

HUH! I THOUGHT I HEARD VOICES!

THIS IS THE BEST SAMPLE WE'VE SEEN!



WHAT! WOOLZY IS DRIFTING INTO THE AIR!

WE'LL TAKE HIM BACK WITH US!

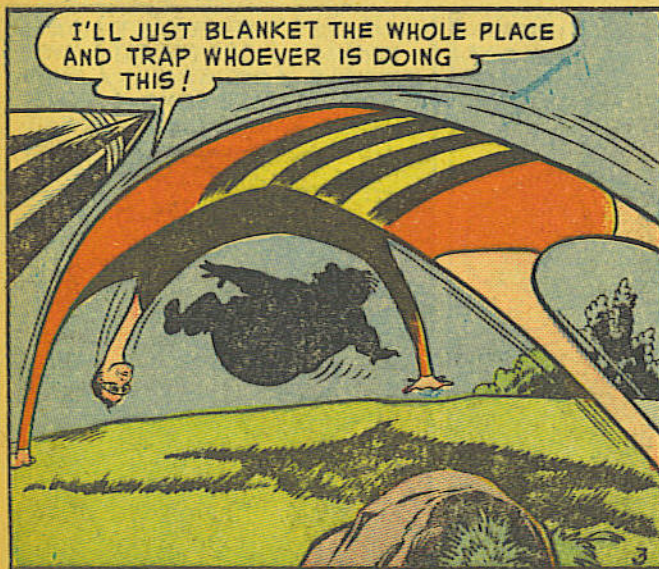


YIPES! HALP! PLAS! LET ME DOWN!

I HEAR VOICES! THERE MUST BE SOMEONE THERE!



HOLD ON, WOOLZY! I'LL HELP YOU... BUT I DON'T SEE ANYONE!



I'LL JUST BLANKET THE WHOLE PLACE AND TRAP WHOEVER IS DOING THIS!

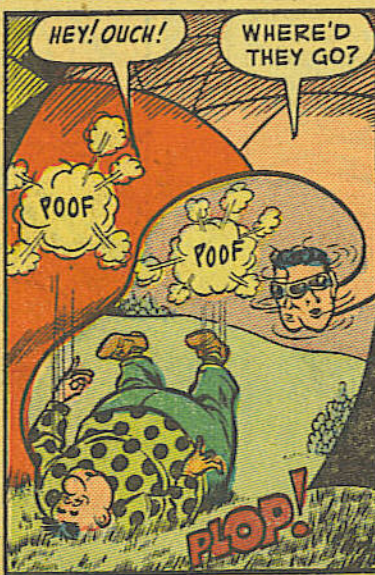
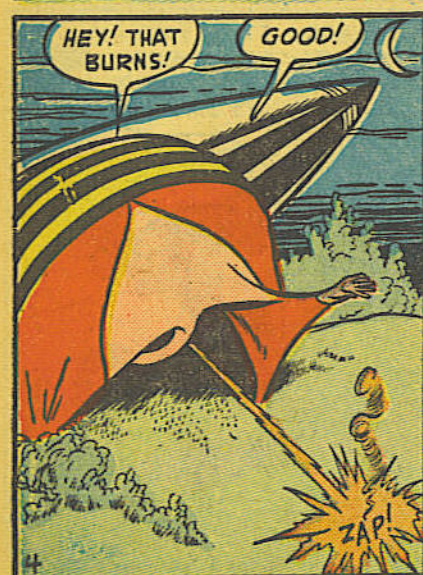
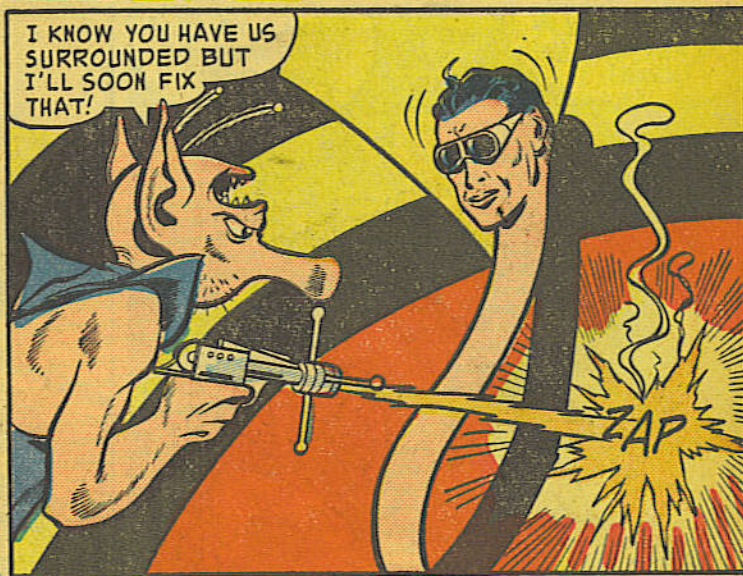


P-PLAS! YOU GOTTA DO SOMETHING!

I'M TRYING, WOOLZY, BUT I STILL DON'T SEE ANYONE!

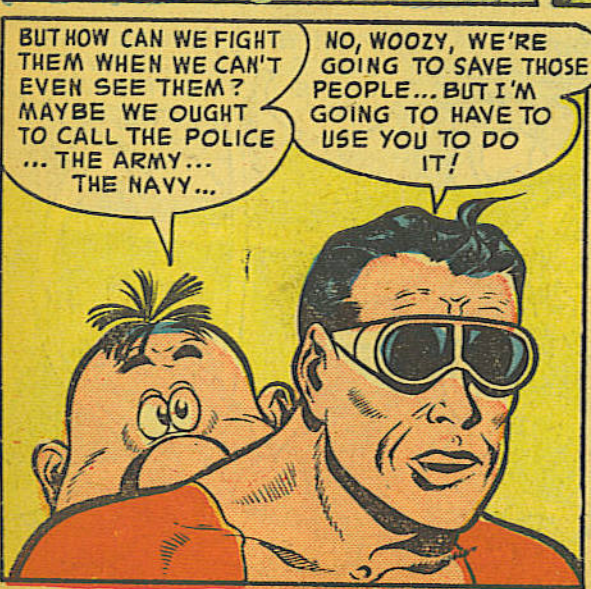
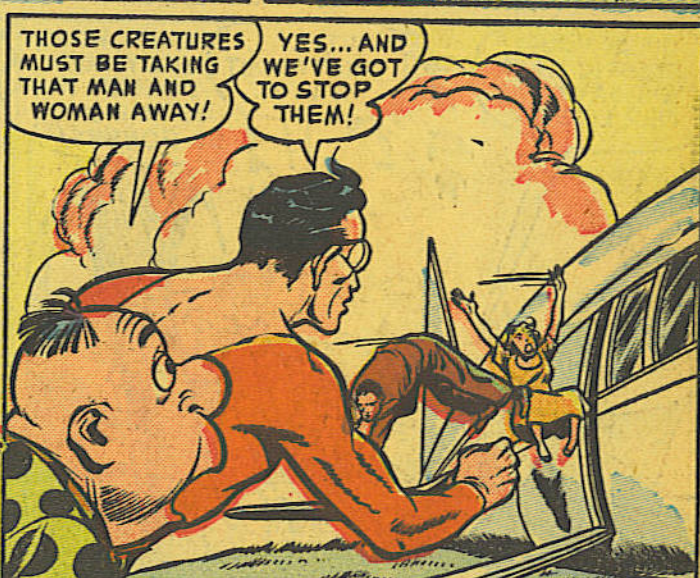


# PLASTIC MAN



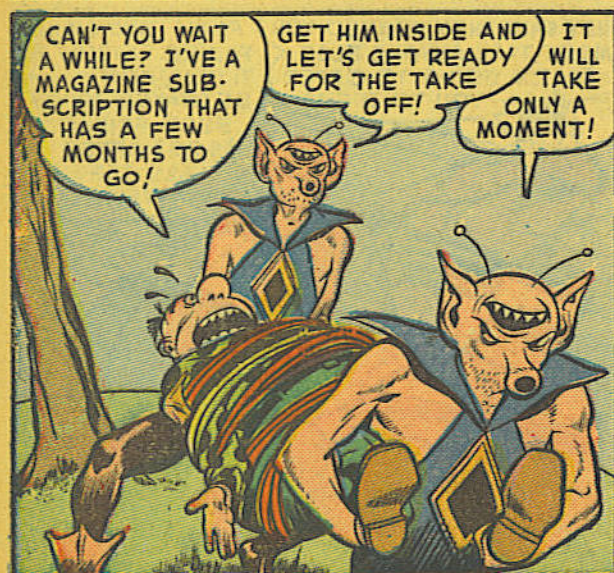
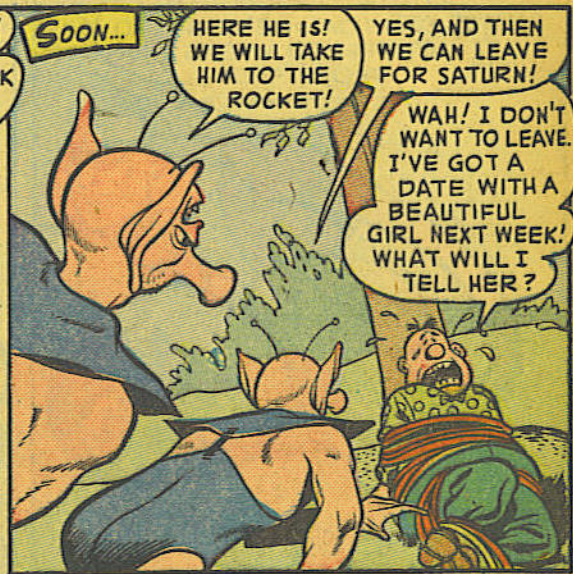
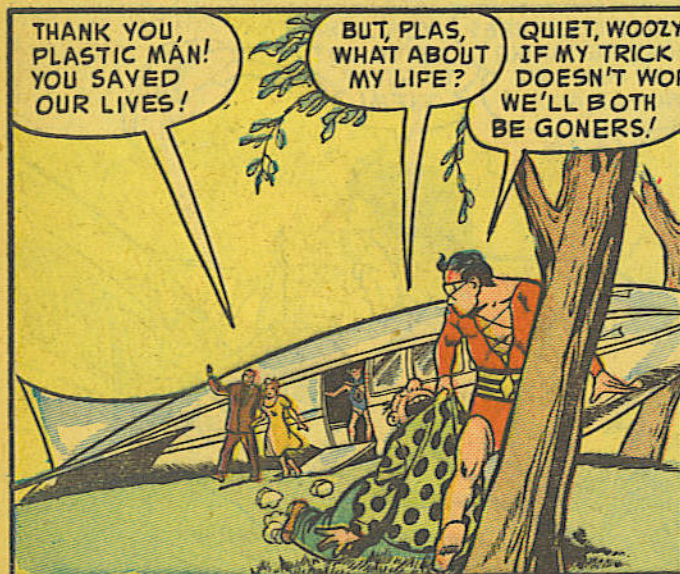
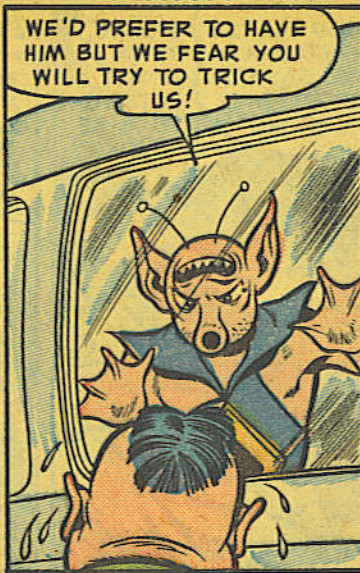


# PLASTIC MAN





# PLASTIC MAN





# PLASTIC MAN



NOW YOU GET OUT THROUGH THE WINDOW AND...HUH! HE SEES ME!

IT'S THAT RED ONE AGAIN! SHOOT HIM!



OUT YOU GO, WOOLY! NOW I'LL TAKE CARE OF THESE CREATURES!

I CAN'T HIT HIM! HE WON'T STAND STILL!

ZAP!

ZAP!

ZAP!

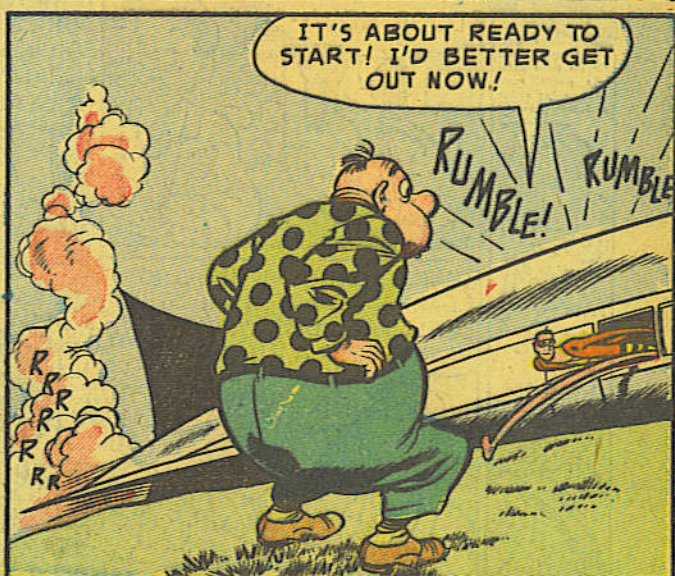


YOU BET I WON'T STAND STILL! I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU SORRY YOU CAME HERE!

QUICK! BECOME INVISIBLE! WE'LL BE ABLE TO FIGHT BETTER THAT WAY!



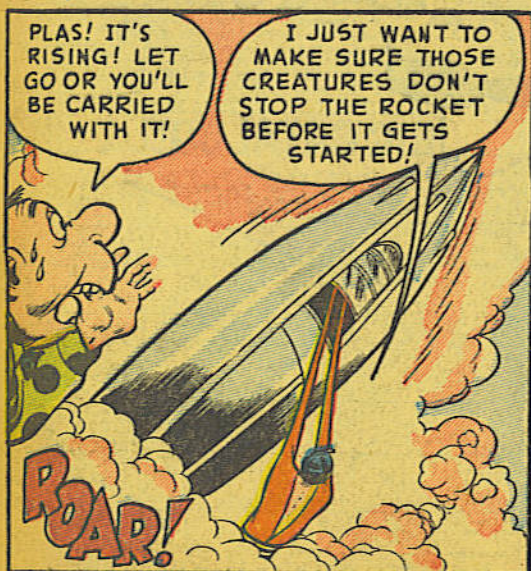
IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD! I'VE GOT A GOOD HOLD ON YOU! AND NOW TO SET THESE CONTROLS AND START THE MOTOR!



IT'S ABOUT READY TO START! I'D BETTER GET OUT NOW!

RUMBLE!

RUMBLE!



PLAS! IT'S RISING! LET GO OR YOU'LL BE CARRIED WITH IT!

I JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE THOSE CREATURES DON'T STOP THE ROCKET BEFORE IT GETS STARTED!

ROAR!



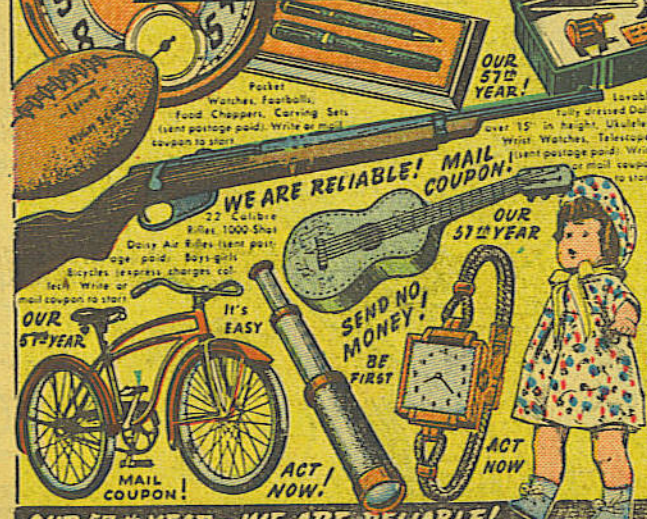
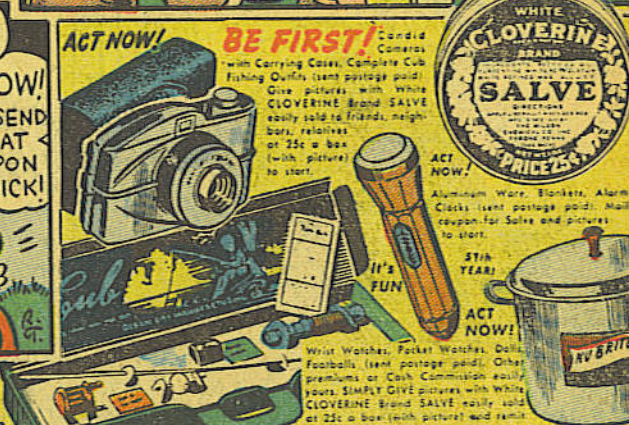
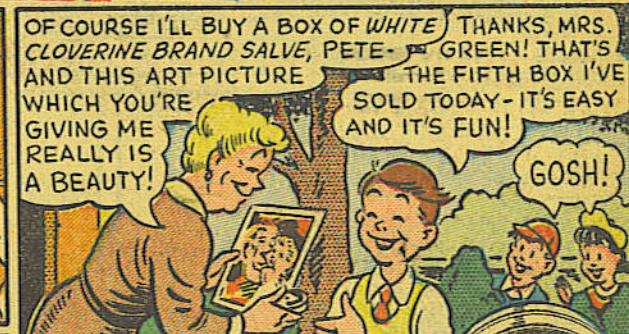
THERE THEY GO! BACK TO THEIR NATIVE PLANET! IT'S ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE!

BELIEVABLE OR NOT, I WANT TO FORGET IT AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!



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**SOLVE THE "MYSTERY"**  
**OF PETE'S FORTUNE!**

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 TOWN \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE NO. \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
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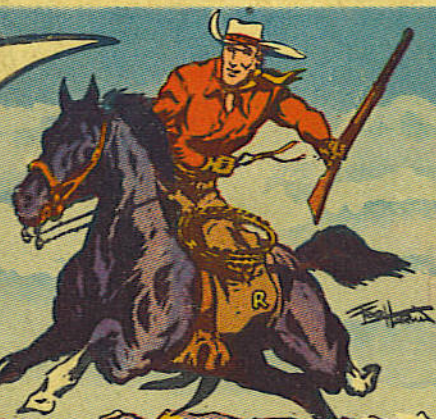
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